

Penitential

# CRIES,

Begun by the Author of the

*Songs of Praise,*

And carried on by another Hand.

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*The Sixth Edition Corrected.*

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L O N D O N :

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Penitential

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# S. Penitential Cries.

## I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

### I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?  
What will become of me?  
What shall I say, what shall I do?  
Or whither shall I flee?  
By wandering I have lost my self,  
And here I make my moan;  
O whither, whither have I stray'd,  
Ah Lord, what have I done?

### II.

Thy Candle searches all my Rooms,  
And now I plainly see,  
The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell  
Are summed up in me,  
The Seeds of the Ills that grow,  
Are in my Garden sown,  
And multitudes of them are sprung,  
Ah Lord, what have I done?

### III.

I have been Satan's willing Slave,  
And his most easy Prey,  
He was not readier to Command,  
Then I was to Obey;  
Or if at any time he left my Soul,  
Yet still his Work went on,

I was a Tempter to my self;  
Ah Lord, what have done?

## IV.

I put at all the Threats of Heaven,  
And slighted all its Charms,  
Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave,  
For Christ's inviting Arms:  
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,  
And now my Soul is gone.  
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,  
Ah Lord, what have I done?

II. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the 25th Psalm.*

## I.

**L**ORD, thou hast overcome,  
I've got my deadly Wound,  
And he that Kicks against the Pricks,  
Will soon himself confound;  
My Sins, those venomous Darts,  
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,  
Are now my Rack, being driven back  
By mine Almighty Foe.

## II.

My Sins have found me out,  
And at my Door they lie;  
And there they stay both Night and Day,  
And there I hear them cry;  
In vain my Friends attempt  
To cure my Miseries,  
What they propound to me is drown'd  
In Sin's loud roaring Cries.

## III.

In vain are all the Tears  
Of them that stand without

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*Penitential Cries.*

My Dart's within, it is my Sin,  
They cannot pull it out ;  
My Heart is all one Wound,  
My Breath repeated Sighs,  
My Bread is Tears, my Life is Fears,  
My Language Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heavens Lights to him  
Who in the Dungeon lies,  
Nor one thin Ray, or piece of Day  
Does chear my clouded Eyes ;  
Sin's March enkindles Hell,  
Sin makes the Damned Roar,  
This I have heard without regard,  
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinner's Fears.*

I.

**A** Las! For I have seen the Lord,  
With a drawn Sword He stood,  
Now might He sheath it in my Flesh,  
And bathe it in my Blood ;  
I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,  
As if He was too slow,  
But now He comes both arm'd and girt,  
As an intraged Foe.

II.

What shall a guilty Sinner do?  
When Justice does appear,  
O whither shall I flee from him,  
Whose Place is every where ?  
As I can neither stand nor fly,  
So neither can I bear,  
That Mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,  
And doth Foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul  
Does start at every thing,  
It hourly fears huge Hosts of Wrath  
From this incensed King;  
Should He but his Commissions grant,  
All Creatures would ingage  
Against me their common Foe,  
With an united Rage.

IV.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,  
As do portend and tell,  
As Devils here with me have dwelt,  
So I with them must dwell;  
They have my wretched Soul possess'd,  
They hold it in their Chains,  
I fear lest they should drag it down  
To suffer endless Pains.

V.

My Fears are just, I've deserved Hell,  
And 'tis my proper Hire,  
But who can dwell, O who can dwell  
With everlasting Fire?

IV. *The Sinner's Shame or Confusion.*

I.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,  
That nothing can be more;  
Was ever such a Monster seen  
Upon the Earth before?  
I dare not look upon the Earth,  
The Witness of my Sin;  
My Conscience is a Doomsday Book:  
I dare not look within.

Upward

## II.

Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes,  
For there my Judge doth sit :  
Nor downwards whence the Smoke does rise,  
From the Infernal Pit ;  
How shall I answer at the Bar,  
Of him who is most pure ?  
I cannot answer for my self ;  
My self I can't endure.

## III.

And as my self I can't endure,  
My self I cannot fly ;  
Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,  
And what a Slave am I ?  
My Heart the seat of Folly is,  
My Life a Life of Sin,  
Surely I am more brutish far,  
Than ever Brute hath been.

## IV.

Is this my Wit, is this my Way ?  
To make a glorious Name ?  
Is this the Thanks I've paid to Heaven,  
Ah what a Beast I am ?  
The Crown is fallen from my Head,  
My Royal Robes are gone ?  
Confusion is my only Cloak,  
And I must put it on.

## V.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,  
Here will I sit alone ;  
And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,  
And make my doleful moan :  
I am not worthy of the Earth,  
Not worthy of the Air,

Not worthy of the watery drop,  
But of the Damned's fare.

## VI.

O how it kills my Heart to think  
Upon my foolish ways!  
Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,  
Because Damnation stays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement; as the 25th Psalm.*

## I.

I Read that Sins are Clouds,  
Whence Vengeance Storms have fell,  
But this is that, I wonder at,  
That I am out of Hell.  
Sure there are those in Hell,  
Who never have deserv'd  
In Hell to lie, so much as I,  
And yet I am preserv'd.

## II.

My Sins have proudly scorn'd,  
My Sins have boldly dar'd  
The God of Might, with much despight,  
And yet my Soul is spar'd.  
The best and goodliest things  
Which did this World adorn,  
By Sin are ras'd, and quite defac'd,  
Yet still I am forborn.

## III.

At our first Parents breach,  
Pale Death came rushing in,  
The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell  
Press'd with the weight of Sin.  
The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,  
Hell could no longer stay,



But lo! There came a Sulph'rous Flame,  
And met them by the Way.

IV.

When *Corah* did rebel  
Earth would not be his Slave  
To bear his weight, but opens strait;  
And was his willing Grave:  
When *Israel* did corrupt  
The Air with murmuring Breath,  
It did rebound, and gave a Wound,  
And that was present Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,  
Sin's wrecks the World do fill,  
It empties Rooms to furnish Tombs,  
Yet I am living still:  
On the Lord's Hand I live,  
And cannot but Admire  
He does not shake so vile a Snake  
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd  
Some confidently tell;  
But I do know it is not so  
Whilst I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinner's Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but such an one as I  
May Grace and Mercy find?  
I hear the God of *Israel*  
Is Merciful and kind:  
Had he been pleas'd to torture me  
With Everlasting Bands,

18  
He might have done it long ago,  
Who had me in his Hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound  
To call me to his Bar ;  
The Proofs and Patterns of his Grace  
Forbid me to Despair :  
Despair is a such a Sin of Sins  
It cannot be forgiv'n ;  
Whilst other Sins Hell's Ways do pave,  
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III.

Cease then thy Murmuring, O my Soul,  
And silently attend  
To th' sounding Bowels of a Christ,  
Who is the Sinner's Friend :  
He does not say, Depart from me  
Into Eternal Fire ;  
But, Come into my open Breast,  
Where weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling Wretch, Who touch'd his Hem,  
But fear'd an heavy Doom,  
Receiv'd a Cure, and Blessing too,  
And went rejoycing home :  
The Prodigal deserv'd and far'd  
Worse than the Swine he fed,  
But found a Mirthful Feast at home,  
Who only lookt for Bread.

V.

Heav'n lookt upon the *Publican*  
Who was bow'd down with shame ;  
Mercy he call'd, which soon appear'd,  
And answer'd to its Name ;

My Sins are mighty Sins indeed,  
But I have understood  
Great Sins are Foils which do inance  
The Price of Saving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghastly Wounds,  
Yet will I not despair,  
Whilst there is Balm in Gilead,  
And a Physician there:  
That I might March to Canaan's Land,  
The Silver Trumpet sounds;  
My Day still shines, my Tent is fix'd  
Within Salvation's Bounds.

VII.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd,  
And he that is within  
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,  
And strive to enter in:  
Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,  
Until the Door be ope;  
Nor will I stir a Foot from hence;  
It is a Door of Hope.

Hem,

VII. The Sinner's Confession.

Who, who can number all the Stars,  
Number the Sands upon the Shore?  
When may'st thou count the numerous Hosts  
That throng my Way to Mercy's Door.

Manasse's Sins were white to mine,  
Mine bear the deepest Crimson Dye;  
Are never any so provok'd  
So sweet, so kind a God as I.

How is it, Lord, thou dost so long  
Such Guiltiness as this forbear,  
When almost every Thought's a Sin?  
My very Breath pollutes thy Air.

Sinners may for a time Rejoice,  
Till threatned Storms of Wrath arise,  
But challeng'd Justice will awake  
Its Sword, and then the Sinner dies.

• What Fools are they that entertain  
With Scorn the sounds of Gospel-Grace?  
Sorrow and Sin walk in a Chain,  
Although they keep not equal Pace,

Approaching Sin is deckt with Charms,  
And smiles in Promises of Gain;  
No sooner past our Joys are lost  
All such Delights shut up in Pain.

VIII. *Another.*

I.

**W**H O, can number all the Stars,  
Or Sands upon the Shore?  
Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,  
My Soul, thy Sins are more.  
Alas! I cannot bear the sight,  
They do like Clouds arise;  
The Sword of Justice will awake  
For they have reach'd the Skies.

II

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,  
And broke thy Law, O God;



How just is it that such a wretch  
Should feel thy Flaming Rod?  
I bleed to think how I did slight  
Thy Message from above;  
How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,  
And thy Redeeming Love;

III.

How oft I did repeat my Sin,  
And ran upon the Score;  
Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade,  
And bad me sin no more.  
How is it, Lord, thou dost so long  
This wretched Soul forbear,  
When almost every Thought's a Sin?  
My Breath pollutes thy Air.

IV.

*Manasseh's* Sins were white to mine,  
Mine bear a Crimson dye;  
Sure never any so provok'd  
The Lord of Hosts as I.  
Ah, how much viler than the Earth  
By Sin am I become:  
A Sinner of polluted Birth,  
A Sinner in the Womb.

V.

Lord, whither whither must I range  
To count up my Transgressions?  
Give me thy Pardon, in exchange  
Accept of my Confessions.

IX. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

Farewel vain World, I bid adieu,  
Ho! Thou canst not fill, but Cloy.

Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new  
 And more refined Joy:  
 Meer Vanity does Man pursue  
 With Eagerness and Heat;  
 The bravest things the World can shew  
 Are but a perfect Cheat:

## II.

Who gain the Riches of the Earth,  
 Gain but a finer Dross,  
 Who gain a World, and lose a Soul,  
 Sustain the greatest Loss:  
 The Blast of Honour sounds aloud,  
 Yet that's but empty Air,  
 Which quickly passes through the Croud,  
 And does no more appear.

## III.

Alas, there's nothing here that can  
 True Blessedness afford;  
 Ye painted Shadows get you gone,  
 Ye hold me from my Lord;  
 He's bless'd indeed who loveth God,  
 Whose undefiled Mind  
 Can scorn such mean, ignoble Joys,  
 He noble Joys shall find.

## IV.

O happy they who only love  
 Their God, and him admire;  
 That I may taste those Joys that last  
 I'll from the World retire:  
 I'll make it my Ambition now  
 To be belov'd of God,  
 And under his delightful Shade  
 Will settle mine abode.

X. *The Sinner Resolves.*

I.

**T**HIS empty World has now too long  
Deceived me with Lies;  
I am resolved to be gone,  
Deluded Soul arise.  
Go fly to Christ without delay,  
Engage him for thy Friend;  
Such Men are blessed in their Way,  
And blessed in their End.

II.

What have I more to do with Sin?  
Ye flattering Sweets be gone;  
The Time and Place 'twas acted in  
Are sad to think upon.  
My vain Companions I'll forsake,  
Them from their Ways withdraw;  
I'll read a Lecture that shall make  
Those frozen Hearts to thaw.

III.

My Sins will I no more repeat,  
Nor finish that begun;  
My Summons to the Judgment-Seat  
May come before it's done:  
I will not with my finger once  
Touch my beloved Sin;  
Who knows its latter end? you know  
But where it did begin.

IV.

The Snares of Satan lye so low,  
And are so smoothly plac'd,  
I'll softly tread where e'er I go,  
And never act in haste:

The Word and Spirit I'll obey,  
And think if God say so  
It is enough; I'll never stay  
To see what others do.

## V.

I'll Dedicate my self to God,  
And his alone will be;  
I triumph I am in the Road  
To true Felicity.  
Lord, all is spread before thy Face,  
My Soul resolves upon;  
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,  
O leave it not alone!

XI. *The Sinners Cry for Pardon?*

## I.

**M**Y God, he is the God of Grace,  
Who Pardons has in store,  
Whose boundless Treasures have enrich:  
Whom Sin has first made poor.  
'Tis Mercy's Glory to forgive,  
And not in Wrath destroy;  
This adds fresh comforts to the Saints,  
New Triumphs to their Joy.

## II.

This will encourage Souls to seek  
To the Redeemer's Face,  
When the *Manassehs* of our Day,  
And *Magdalens* find Grace:  
My Sins are Mountains; tho' they be  
These Mountains cannot stand;  
What are those Mountains to my Christ?  
They fly at thy Command.

III. *Tho'*

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III.

Tho' they are high and numberless  
 I'm in Salvation's Road ;  
 They cannot pose the Blood of Christ,  
 Which is the Blood of God :  
 Where Sin abounds his Records say  
 Grace has abounded more ;  
 This is, and shall be still my Plea,  
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store.

XII. *Another.*

I.

**G**reat God, thou art a God of Grace,  
 Who Pardons hast in store ;  
 O do not turn away thy Face  
 From me, tho' I am poor.  
 I do deserve the hottest Plagues  
 Of an incensed God ;  
 To drink the Vials of his Wrath,  
 To feel the Damned's Rod.

II.

But turn away thy Wrath from me,  
 Now turning at thy call ;  
 O why should'st thou exalt thy self  
 In thy poor Creatures fall ?  
 I might be cast into thy Jail,  
 There lie for evermore ;  
 But, Lord, thy Patience did give Ball,  
 Thy Christ did pay the Score.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,  
 This is the Total Sum ;  
 For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,  
 Lord, let thy Mercy come.

Lord, if thou wilt my Sins forgive,  
 Wilt not in Wrath destroy,  
 'Twill add new Comforts to thy Saints,  
 Fresh Triumphs to their Joy.

## IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,  
 To turn and seek thy Face,  
 When they shall hear the worst of them  
 Has now obtain'd thy Grace:  
 My Sins are Mountains, tho' they be  
 These Mountains cannot stand;  
 What are those Mountains to my Christ?  
 They fly at thy Command.

## V.

My Sins indeed are numberless,  
 Are not thy Mercies so?  
 This did thy pardon'd ones profess,  
 They bad me to thee go.  
 Tho' they be numerous and great,  
 I'm in Salvations Road;  
 They cannot pass the Blood of Christ,  
 Which is the Blood of God.

## VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word does say  
 Grace has abounded more;  
 This is, and shall be still, my Plea  
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store;  
 Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,  
 This is the total Sum;  
 For Mercy Lord, is all my Suit,  
 Lord, let thy Mercy come.

**XIII.** *The Sinner's Address to Christ.*

**I.**

**W**Here lies a Sin I'll drop a Tear;  
But views of saving Blood  
Can only calm the Tempest here,  
And do my Conscience good:  
'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canst give  
This aking Heart Relief;  
Christ's gentle Voice would make it live,  
His Hand wipe off my Grief.

**II.**

Those falsely call'd the Sweets of Sin  
Are bitter unto me;  
I loath the State that I am in,  
I come, I come, to thee:  
But Oh! Wilt thou receive him now  
That's coming to thy Door?  
For I can bring no Dowry, Lord,  
I come extreamly poor.

**III.**

What if my Tears could make a Flood?  
My Righteousness is Dross;  
Those Tears needs washing in thy Blood,  
Tho' wept upon the Cross:  
I have an Argument to plead,  
Which thou canst not deny;  
Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give  
To Sinners, such as I,

**IV.**

Thou dost invite all wand'ring Souls,  
And I am one of those;  
With thee the Sick do find a Cure,  
The Weary find Repose:

The World and Sin will ever vex,  
Will trouble and molest;  
But, I will trust my Soul with Christ,  
To bring to Heavens Rest.

*XIV. The Sinners Reception.*

*I.*

**W**Hilst others costly Offerings bring  
Unto my Lord most dear,  
To him a Song of Praise I'll sing,  
And Sacrifice a Tear:  
This is my choicest Gift, I have  
No better to impart;  
When thou receiv'dst me first then I  
Did offer up mine Heart.

*II.*

I am the Prodigal return'd,  
And met upon a plain,  
And thou the loving Father that  
Invit'st me home again:  
Thou didst invite, and bring me home,  
My Study now shall be  
To furnish and prepare a Room,  
Where Christ may dwell with me.

*III.*

O cleanse my Soul, and make it white,  
Adorn it with thy Grace;  
To dwell with me do thou delight,  
And never hide thy Face:  
Who can but love so dear a Lord!  
I'll make a daily Feast;  
The daily Exercise of Grace  
Shall entertain my Christ.

*IV. I God*



IV.

I love thee, Lord; and thou dost know  
How I adore thy Name;  
Surely, my God, I would do so,  
Would wear a loving Frame:  
With thankfulness I will record  
Thy kindness all my Days,  
I'll live upon, and to the Lord,  
And breathe a constant Praise.

KV. *The Sinners Admiration of Divine Mercy, as  
the 148th Psalm.*

I.

**W**Hat Line can fathom, Lord,  
Thy rich and wondrous Grace?  
Your praising Songs Record,  
Ye Saints in every Place.  
Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

II.

Hell was my proper Hire,  
Who long was Satan's Slave,  
Fit fuel for that Fire,  
But God delights to save:  
Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

III.

Vile Prodigals may not  
Acceptance with thee fear;  
No Sigh was e'er forgot,  
V. I God bottels every Tear:

Bless

Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

IV.

My Sins were very high,  
I sinking into Hell,  
Free Mercy then drew nigh  
And caught me as I fell :  
Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song,  
For every Breath.

V.

Cherubs cannot express  
Such Love, which ne'er decays ;  
What can my Soul do less  
Than love him all my Days.  
Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

XVI. *The Soul's Thirst.*

I.

**I** Bless my God for giving Grace,  
Whose Bounty will augment my Store,  
And as my Grace does thus advance,  
So, Lord, thy Praises shall be more.

II.

But surely Hearts are barren Soil,  
Meer Nature can bear nothing good ;  
But I shall grow, the Holy Ghost  
Waters me with a Sacred Flood.

III. Be

III.

33

Thou to me as thou hast been  
 Into thy Chosen *Israel*,  
 Dew to keep my Branches green,  
 Sun to make my Blossoms smell.

IV.

Who esteems a trifling Joy  
 Above the Beamings of thy Face,  
 Prefers a Pebble to a Throne,  
 And tires in his heavenly Race.

V.

Thy Heaven-born Souls are thirsty still,  
 Make me, repeat their Suits again;  
 I am thy Garden, and intreat  
 My own Plantation may have Rain.

XVII. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

Have an Host of Enemies  
 Are ever breaking in;  
 Satan, the World, the Flesh, devise  
 To ruin me by Sin:  
 Trust to God as my Defence  
 Against their Subtilties;  
 From all destructive Baits of Sense  
 Wilt thou restrain mine Eyes.

II.

O ye combine against my Soul,  
 I make the Lord my Guard,  
 Who will your fiery Breath controul,  
 Who will be my Reer-ward:  
 Whenever Dangers near approach,  
 Lord, be at Hand to me;

And bring my Soul by each Assault  
The nearer unto thee.

## III.

O keep from Sin, which brings a Frown,  
Be Gracious to my Cry;  
Let no Temptations cast them down,  
That on thy Grace rely:  
Why should that Frame set up within  
Which thine own Hand did raise,  
Be ever broke or slur'd by Sin?  
Why shouldst thou lose thy Praise?

## IV.

Even as thy Care, thy Hand is large,  
And fills each empty Space?  
Remember that I am thy Charge;  
This Day consult my Case:  
My Soul, my Frame I will commit  
To thee, O Holy Ghost!  
Thou art my Guardian, and I trust  
Thy Work shall not be lost.

XVIII. *Lamenting the Loss of First Love.*

## I

O That my Soul was now as Fair  
As it has sometimes been,  
Devoid of that Distracting Care  
Without, and Guilt within:  
There was a Time when I could tread  
No Circle but of Love;  
That Joyous Morning now is fled,  
How heavily I move!

## II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force  
Thy Saviour to depart,

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When he was pleas'd with so coarse

A Lodging in thy Heart!

How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!

With how Divine a Frame!

I thought on every Plant I trod,

I read my Saviour's Name!

III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,

So sweetly we agreed,

And thou no Stranger wast to me

Till I became a Weed:

The Tempter robb'd me, and I must,

I fear, be ever Poor,

May this suffice, to rowl'th' Dust

Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not

With Love, that Sacred Fire;

But since my Love has wore that Blot,

Repentance runs the higher;

O might those Days return again,

How welcome they should be!

Shall my Petition be in vain

Since Grace is ever free?

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,

To chase away this Night;

Let not thine Anger ever burn,

God once was my Delight.

XIX. *The Conflict.*

I.

**A**H me! My Heart's the Seat of War;

Two Armies there appear;

Satan has drawn his Forces up,  
My God, my Strength, draw near :  
The Flesh and Spirit doth contend  
For this weak Soul of mine ;  
Two Worlds in Competition stand,  
Lord, save me, I am thine.

II.

The Soul upon the Wing of Faith  
Strews Triumphs in its Way,  
But strait a guilty Thought breaks in,  
And mingles Night with Day.

III.

My Evidences should be clear,  
But Ah ! The Bolts of Sin  
Turn chearing Hopes to sadning Fear,  
And make black Doubts within :  
The Laws of Sin and Grace will jar,  
Both dwelling in one Room ;  
The Saints expect perpetual War,  
Till they are sent for home.

IV.

Altho' these Combates make you fear,  
They should not cast you down ;  
God will give Grace to hold out here,  
And Glory for its Crown.

XX. *The Backslider's Return.*

I.

**T**H O' I am fallen from my God  
I'll venture to draw nigh ;  
His Word assures me He would not  
Have any Sinner die :  
Sinners may hope to see God's Face,  
Tho' fallen ne'er so low,

If they go to the Throne of Grace,  
And weeping as they go.

II.

Who shames himself before him there,  
His Sin shall be forgot;  
If Sinner's blush when they confess,  
That blushing hides their Spot:  
Ah Lord! I am asham'd to come,  
Asham'd with Thee to meet;  
I dare not look, but down I fall  
At thy most blessed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,  
Thus basely wrong thy Grace?  
Sure I'm more Vile than any one  
Of Lapsed *Adam's* Race:  
Here comes a Prodigal, Lord, hear,  
And answer at his Call,  
I beg for Jesus Sake, that thou  
Remember not my Fall.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,  
But yet thou knowest well,  
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black Brands  
Snatch'd from a burning Hell.  
The Blood of Bulls thou askest not,  
A Penitential Groan  
Shall be accepted, this I bring,  
And offer at thy Throne.

XXI. *The Sinner's Morning-Prayer; as the*  
100 Psalm.

I.

**G**OD, who once more unseal'd mine Eyes,  
Shall have my choicest Sacrifice;  
My highest Thanks I humbly pay,  
For Mercies running Night and Day.

II

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,  
And Grace, that I offend no more;  
O let thy Goodness never cease,  
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou renewest still my Days,  
With new Endearments Crown my Ways;  
Father, with me this Day abide,  
Be thou my Leader and my Guide,

IV.

That I may plainly see and know  
The very Path where I should go,  
And may at Night rejoycing say,  
My God was kind to me this Day.

V.

Those Graces that I want, supply,  
And keep me with a tender Eye;  
Let my Corruptions more and more  
Lose of the Ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,  
And like the fruitful Lilly thrive:  
The fruitful Christian honours God,  
And shews his Pastures to be good.



VII.

Give me my Claim to Heaven clear,  
Thy constant Grace to persevere;  
Whilst here on Earth, be thou my Guard,  
And at the last my great Reward.

XXII. *The Sinner's Evening-Prayer; as the*  
100 Psalm.

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched One,  
That flings himself before thy Throne,  
By Practice sinful, and by Birth,  
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth!

II.

O let thy Christ, my Jesus be,  
To save from Sin and Misery!  
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,  
Intreating Pardon for this Day.

III.

God made his World and brought me in,  
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;  
Behold those Sins, not as a Spy  
To mark, or as a Judge to try;

IV.

But as Physician to the Poor,  
Who brings a Balsam for the Sore.  
Absolve, renew me by thy Grace,  
Fit me for Death, which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,  
My Body to defend from harm;  
Preserve my wandring Soul from Sin,  
Both going out, and coming in.

## VI.

Keep far from me a careless Heart,  
 From which my Saviour would depart;  
 O bless and prosper all my Ways,  
 That they may issue in thy Praise.

XXIII. *A Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

## I.

**I** Am a Tree that God hath set,  
 Which He expects should grow;  
 We must allow that Hand to Reap,  
 Which was at cost to Sow.

## II.

If thou expectest from my Flock,  
 Or from my Tillage Bread,  
 Then help me to improve my Stock,  
 Let not thy Grace lie dead.

## III.

Those Talents that the Masters lend,  
 The Servants must improve.  
 Thine Aid, O my great Master! Send,  
 To help me from Above:  
 Since thou didst buy me when a Slave,  
 Shall I not now be true?  
 I'll use the Power that I have,  
 Dear Saints, for God and you.

## IV.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,  
 That so I may restore  
 Again, and pay the Tythes unto  
 Thy Deputies, the Poor:  
 That Honour thou dost shine on me,  
 Shall honour thee always;  
 My lesser Talents joyn to pay  
 Their Tribute to thy Praise.

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V.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,  
And thine shall ever be;  
All my Enjoyments shall combine  
To raise and honour thee;  
My Parts, my Time, my every thing,  
Are wholly thine I own,  
Accept the Musick from each String  
Presented at thy Throne.

XXIV. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

**T**O Day the Lord of Hosts invites  
Unto a costly Feast;  
O what a Priviledge is this,  
To be my Saviour's Guest!

II.

All they that sit down with him must,  
Be decked with his Grace;  
He smiles on such Communicants,  
And they behold his Face.

III.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!  
Unholy and unmeet  
To come within thy Doors, or to  
Wash thy Disciples Feer.

IV.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and take  
My filthy Garments hence:  
The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,  
Will give my Lord offence.

V.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord  
Which ever load my Mind;  
Thy Son did die for such as I,  
That I might Mercy find.

## VI.

Worldly Distractions stay behind,  
 Below the Mount abide;  
 Be no Disturbance to my Mind,  
 Nor make my Saviour Chide.

## VII.

Let nothing that is not Divine  
 Within thy Presence move;  
 Whate'er would cause thee not to shine  
 In Tokens of thy Love.

## VIII.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,  
 Send out thy Spirit to breathe  
 Upon my Soul, to summon forth  
 My Graces from beneath.

## IX.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,  
 Awake, O every Grace;  
 Come, come, attend this glorious King,  
 And bow before his Face.

## X.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh  
 That I am to receive,  
 Stand with my Pardon sealed by,  
 Perswade me to believe.

## XI.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,  
 Nor hide himself from me;  
 O cause thy Face to shine upon  
 The Soul that longs for thee.

## XII.

O let our Entertainment now  
 Be so exceeding sweet,  
 That we may long to come again,  
 And at thy Table meet.



XXV. *Under Desertion.*

I.

**M**Y Lord, I once could sing,  
But now I fear to say  
My God, I only cry my King,  
Of Force I must obey :  
I've forfeited that Blessed Guest,  
That Joy that sometimes shone  
Within this dark unhallow'd Breast ;  
O whither is it gone ?

II.

In infinite Compassion, Lord,  
To my Complaint give ear ;  
Whole Troops of Sorrow bear me down,  
O when wilt thou appear ?  
Remember, Lord, what I am styl'd ;  
Tho' under Darkneſs great ;  
Tho' under Darkneſs, ſtill thy Child,  
My Heart is ſtill thy Seat.

III.

My King, thou doſt poſſeſs that Throne,  
Thou doſt that Scepter Sway ;  
'Tis thine ſtill, Lord, 'tis thine alone,  
I hate the Sinner's Way :  
Lord, when thou ſeeſt me come to Pray,  
Bow down a Gracious Ear  
To answer ; if my Lord delay,  
One darkſome Day's a Year.

IV.

To ſhine upon a Soul ſo vile,  
Would magnify thy Grace ;  
long for nothing but a Smile  
From my Dear Saviour's Face ;

I will no more my Lord provoke,  
Or cause thee to withdraw,  
Thy former Frowns have made me wise,  
To Fear, and stand in Awe.

## V.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,  
Until thy Bowels move;  
I'll not be driven from thy Door  
Till thou shalt say, I love.

XXVI. *For the Success of the Gospel; as the 100  
Psalm.*

## I.

When, Lord, shall *Jew* and *Gentile* raise  
Harmonious Consorts to thy Praise;  
The Joys of this united Quire  
Will tune our praising Voices higher.

## II.

Broken with Grief, thy Watchmen call  
To God from *Salem's* broken Wall,  
Alas! The Dews of Grace distill,  
So thin on thirsty *Sion's* Hill.

## III.

Thy Saints complain that they are few,  
Make Converts fall as Morning-Dew,  
Owing that *Jacob's* Tents are fair,  
Own *Pisgah* for the sweetest Air.

## IV.

Our Watchmen, Lord, rejoyce to bless,  
Smile in a seven-fold Success;  
O may thy Gracious Kingdom come,  
And Souls as swift-wing'd Doves fly home.

## V.

Now *Sion's* Poor shall all be fed,  
Here God supplies her Poor with Bread;

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Then let the Saints disband all Strife,  
Run Arm in Arm the Path of Life.

XXVII. *For a Soft Heart.*

I.

**A**mong the *Jews* let every Tribe  
Turn to their Ancient Lord,  
All Glory to his Name ascribe,  
With Joy receive his Word.  
Let *Jew* and *Gentile* Worlds agree  
Thy glorious Name to raise,  
When they the Path to Heaven see,  
They'll come with Songs of Praise.

II.

O that the Lord would conquer those  
That do resist his Hand;  
O cause that all thy Churches Foes  
May yield to thy Command.  
Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas  
Are graven on our Hearts,  
Shower down thy Grace on them and these,  
Let neither lose their Parts.

III.

Let those that seek thee not, be found,  
Whilst the Despisers fall,  
And those that hear the Gospel Sound,  
May answer to its Call.  
Thy Saints complain that they are few,  
They make too mean a Quire;  
Let Converts fall like Morning Dew,  
Thy Praise will rise the higher.

IV.

In *England* give thy Gospel free  
From a devised Dress,

And let thy Goodness which does shine  
In H—\*— ne'er be less.

Let those whom thou hast known of Old

Be quickly called Home,  
Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,  
Compel them, Lord, to come.

## V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou  
Dost their Corruptions kill;  
Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,  
Lord, higher, higher still.  
Our Pastor, whom thou dost appoint  
To keep our Vineyards; blest  
With Saving-Grace thy sweetest Smiles,  
And with a fair Success.

## VI.

Of thy sweet Presence grant us more;  
Much more our Souls desire,  
Until we sing on Sion's Hill,  
With that Seraphick Quire.

XXVIII. *Another for a soft Heart.*

## I.

THAT Heart is harder than a Stone  
That rises up to play,  
And ne'er with Sorrow thinks upon  
The Sins of Yesterday,  
The last Night's Failures well might make,  
If they were duly scann'd,  
Each Rock, each Sinner's Heart to ake,  
For Saints are daily Tann'd.

## II.

Ah, Lord! Thou seest my frozen Heart,  
How Little, Little Love!

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I owe thee All, scarce pay thee Part ;  
Drop softness from Above.

III.

If thou with-hold a little space,  
With-hold not very long ;  
Send down the melting Dews of Grace,  
I'll send thee up a Song.

IV.

Make my Heart softer, softer still,  
Me like thy Mourning Dove ;  
Mourn, because I cannot Mourn,  
But, Lord, thou know'st I Love :  
Make my Heart softer, softer still,  
That by thy Gracious Hand  
A deep impression may be made,  
Even from the least Command.

XXIX. *Against Unbelief.*

I.

**A** Soul that burden'd with the weight  
Of Sin that on him lies,  
Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask,  
For whom that Saviour dies ?  
Surely, for Sinners, such as I,  
That Precious Blood was spilt ;  
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,  
And wash away your Guilt.

II.

When Jesus calls, shall Sinners fear ?  
Tho' thou wast Satan's Slave,  
The Saviour's Voice should ever cheer,  
Whose Errand was to save :  
Once appear'd to *Magdalen*,  
When blinded with her Tears,

To lead on others to believe,  
And cast away their Fears.

## III.

My Sins are grown so high that they  
Deserve a second Flood;  
Behold the Deluge, Christ is come  
To drown them in his Blood:  
My Work is to believe on him,  
By Faith his Blood apply;  
When Faith takes out the fiery Sting,  
The Sinner shall not die.

## IV.

Lord, Satan says my Sins are high,  
And spread before thy Face;  
Vast Heights indeed, but what are these  
Unto the Heights of Grace?

XXX. *For Universal Obedience.*

## I.

**L**ORD, thou hast planted me a Vine  
In fertile Soil and Air,  
Now tend and water me as thine,  
Make me thy daily Care:  
My Christ, I'm wholly thine, direct  
My wandering in the Dark:  
O may my constant Aims be strait,  
Thine Honour be my Mark.

## II.

I have observ'd thy Sacred Laws  
To be exceeding wide,  
Let me not from the least of them  
Turn wilfully aside:  
Lord, let thy Word and Spirit guide  
Thy Servant in thy Way;

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May I walk closely with my God,  
And run no more astray.

III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone,  
And other Saints be free?  
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,  
And there is one for me:  
Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,  
Let it not drive me from  
My God, let me be ne'er forgot  
Till thou hast lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Christians be not loth  
To have a coarser Fare;  
Saints that have had no Table-cloth  
Had Christ at Dinner there;  
To do or suffer I am pleas'd,  
So long as Christ stands by;  
Support me with thy constant Aid,  
Lest all thy Graces die.

V.

Thy Way is to the Upright Strength;  
Lord, make it so to me,  
That never tiring with the length,  
My Soul may reach to thee.

XXXI. *The Sinner's Cry for Quickning Grace.*

I.

THE Spouse sought her Beloved One,  
But sought him on her Bed;  
Seldom such Seekers speed with God;  
Cold Prayers are counted dead,

## II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,  
 Run cheerfully to God,  
 Their Heav'nly Praises shew the same  
 Whilst I'm a lifeless Clod.  
 Ah, Lord, shall it be ever thus?  
 Have I no Wings for thee?  
 It grieves me to go bowed down,  
 Whilst other Christians flee.

## III.

None can remedy this but thou;  
 Drop down the Oyl of Love,  
 My Soul then like *Aminadab*,  
 With swift Delight will move:  
 O come to me with quick'ning Grace,  
 Remove this drowsy Frame,  
 Then shall the Fire of Love within  
 Break out into a Flame.

## IV.

Come, come to me, O come and set,  
 My Soul upon the Wing;  
 When I upon the Mountain get  
 I'll praise my heav'nly King:  
 No more delays, O come and blow,  
 Stir up thy Grace begun;  
 When thou dost breathe thy Spices flow,  
 The Work goes kindly on.

## XXXII. For Communion with God.

## I.

**A** Las, my God, that we shou'd be  
 Such Strangers to each other!  
 O that as Friends we might agree,  
 And walk, and talk together!

Thou



Thou know'st my Soul does dearly love  
The Place of thine Abode;  
No Musick drops so sweet a Sound  
As These Two Words, *My God*.

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows  
Within these Gardens here;  
I find no sweetness in their Rose  
When Jesus is not near:  
Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,  
Can make a Paradise;  
Ah what are all the goodly Pearls  
Unto this Pearl of Price!

III.

May I taste that Communion, Lord,  
Thy People have with thee?  
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,  
O let it talk with me:  
Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,  
And thus walk out my Day,  
Attended with the Heav'nly *Guards*  
Upon my King's Highway.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?  
O come, my Lord most dear,  
Come near, come nearer, nearer still;  
I'm well when thou art near:  
When wilt thou come unto me Lord?  
I languish for thy Sight;  
Ten Thousand Suns, if thou art strange,  
Are Shades instead of Light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?  
For till thou dost appear,

I count each Moment for a Day,  
 Each Minute for a Year :  
 Come, Lord, and never from me go,  
 This World's a darksome Place ;  
 I find no Pleasure here below,  
 When thou dost veil thy Face.

## VI.

There's no such thing as Pleasure here,  
 My Jesus is my All ;  
 As thou dost shine, or disappear,  
 My Pleasures rise or fall :  
 Come spread thy Savour on my Frame,  
 No Sweetness is so sweet ;  
 'Till I get up to sing thy Name,  
 Where all thy Singers meet.

XXXIII. *Departure.*

## I.

**I** Had a Lord, but Ah he's gone,  
 And left my troubled Soul alone :  
 Him I pursue with begging Eyes ;  
 Alas, he disregards my Cries.

## II.

I bid my Sighs my Grievs declare,  
 He counts my Sighs for empty Air ;  
 So like a wither'd Flower I mourn,  
 Nor can look up till he return.

## III.

O thou lov'd Object of my Soul,  
 Thou my Physician make me whole ;  
 Those whom thy Absence makes to grieve,  
 Thy Presence only can relieve.

IV. *Sure*

IV.

Sure Sin's the Cause, but tho' it be,  
Thou pitiest Sinners, pity me;  
Lord, I have read thy Blood was spilt  
To wash away the Sinner's Guilt.

V.

If every Sin was Guilt of Blood,  
And I mark'd out for Vengeance stood,  
I'd run and to the Saviour kneel;  
The Saviour knows what Sinners feel.

VI.

My pitying Friends would yield Content  
To me thus lost in Banishment;  
None but my Lord can ease my Pain,  
All other Helpers help in vain.

XXXIV. *Lord's-Day; as Psalm 109.*

I.

**T**Hou spread'st a Weekly Table, Lord,  
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word;  
Whilst Means in plenty we enjoy,  
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,  
Those Waters which refresh and cool;  
We wait whose Souls are scorch'd with Sin;  
O come, dear Saviour help us in.

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,  
Be thou amongst us on thy Day,  
That Sinners may observe thy Call,  
And numerous Converts to thee fall.

VI.

That those who do thy Footsteps trace,  
May find all Sweetness in thy Grace;  
O may they never more complain,  
That they have fought their God in vain.

V.

Thy People at thy Footstool lie,  
Behold us with a gracious Eye;  
O let our Souls with Jesus meet,  
Our Fellowship with him be sweet.

VI.

Among thy People here am I,  
Lord, let me not be passed by;  
May this poor Soul with Triumph say,  
I've seen my dearest Lord to Day.

VII.

I sit within thy Temple Shade,  
O let thy Presence make me glad;  
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,  
Thy love alone can satisfy.

XXXV. *Death of Saints.*

I.

**M**An's Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,  
Looks up, and then begins to die;  
Death steals upon us whilst we're Green,  
Behind us digs a Grave unseen.

II.

But Oh how free a Mercy's this,  
That Death's a Portal into Bliss!  
While yet the Body's scarce undrest,  
The Soul is flit into its Rest!

III.



III.

My Soul! Death swallows up thy Fears,  
Thy Grave-cloaths dry off all thy Tears;  
Why should we fear this parting Pain,  
Who die that we may live again?

IV.

Who walk below in Light and Love,  
Are sure to live with Christ above;  
A Bosom Heaven will afford,  
To those that live unto the Lord.

V.

O how the Resurrection Light,  
Will clarify Believers Sight!  
How joyful will the Saints arise,  
And rub the Dust from off their Eyes;  
My Soul, my Body I Will trust  
With him who numbers every Dust;  
My Saviour faithfully will keep  
His own, and Death is but a Sleep.

XXXVI. Another.

I.

**D**Eath steals upon us unawares,  
And digs a Grave unseen,  
Whilst we Dispute, are full of Cares,  
What may be, what has been;  
Shall I be bent on Vanity,  
And Rottenness to trust,  
Till Death shall lay his Hands on me,  
And crumble me to Dust?

II.

What if my Sun should set at Noon?  
If Death should call to Day,

Canst thou, my Soul go off so soon?  
 Hast thou no Scores to pay?  
 Behold my Sands, how quick they fall,  
 How near I am my Goal;  
 Let not my Body be undress'd,  
 Till thou hast dress'd my Soul.

## III.

That at the Trumpets sound I may  
 Spring from my dusty Bed:  
 Rejoycing at the Voice that calls,  
 Arise, come forth, ye Dead.  
 Lord, give me Patience if I lie  
 Upon a Dying-Bed,  
 O let my Saviour standing by,  
 Support my weary Head.

## IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith  
 Whilst dismal Fears annoy;  
 My Jesus be my sweet Defence,  
 My Jesus be my Joy.  
 Blest Advocate do thou not fail  
 At this time to appear,  
 O let my shaken Faith prevail,  
 My Evidence be Clear.

## V.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust,  
 Now can I sweetly sleep.  
 My Body falling to the Dust.  
 I leave with thee to keep.

~~XX~~ XVII. Psalm 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard after thee.*

## I.

**M**Y God, my God, my Light my Love,  
 Mine All in All to me,

Wilt

Wilt thou a gracious Father prove  
To Souls that hang on thee :

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,  
For thee I thirst alone ;  
The sweetest Waters upon Earth,  
My Soul accounts as none.

III.

My God, &c.  
Mine onely, onely Friend,  
I seek, I long, I look for thee,  
Why wilt thou not attend?

IV.

My God, &c.  
O whither art thou gone ?  
Either be near unto me here,  
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, &c.  
Canst thou that Soul forsake,  
That follows thee with restless Cries,  
Longing to overtake?

VI.

My God, &c.  
Thy Child intreats thy Stay,  
Father, shall not thy Bowels move?  
O turn, and look this way.

VII.

My God, &c.  
Come, come, with me abide ;  
Rejoyce me with thy Presence, Lord,  
I know no Joy beside:

VIII.

My God, &c.

Hear thou my mournful Cry :  
He hears, he hears me from above,  
He will not see me die.

Psalm 86. Done by Mr. J. M.

I.

**H**ear, hear me, LORD, for I am Poor,  
And seek Salvation at thy Door ;  
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,  
Who am oppress'd with Misery.

II.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,  
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine ;  
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,  
Who have none ether Gods but thee.

III.

Let Mercy come from God on High,  
The Object of my daily Cry ;  
I daily knock, I daily wait  
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

IV.

God of all Comfort, Give a Dole  
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul :  
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,  
And stretch her craving Hands to thee.

V.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand  
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand ;  
Oh how the Dews of Mercy fall,  
And answer at thy Peoples Call ;



VI.

It ne'er was writ, here lyeth One  
 Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne;  
 Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,  
 And let them sound above the Skies.

PART II.

I.

I Have a God, to whom I may  
 Resort with Freedom any Day;  
 I'll seek him when I am in Pain,  
 I'm sure to hear from him again.

II.

And when my Soul shall understand  
 The Comfort of his Curing Hand,  
 Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,  
 That brought me nearer to my God.

III.

What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,  
 Those Creatures of distemper'd Brains?  
 What are those Dunghill Gods before  
 The Mighty God whom I adore?

IV.

O King of Nations, Lord of All,  
 Before thee shall all Nations fall,  
 And every Language shall confess  
 Thy glorious Everlastingness.

V.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,  
 Thy Works amazing Wonders are;  
 To God alone all Glory be,  
 There is none other God but He.

## VI.

Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,  
With such a Guide I shall not stray;  
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,  
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

## VII.

My Lord, my God, my Heart shall Praise  
And Glorify thee all my Days;  
Thy Mercy to me doth excel,  
I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

## PART III.

## I.

**T**HE Sons of Pride against me rise,  
Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies;  
They fear not God, they love not me,  
My Comfort is their Misery.

## II.

They mark me for their common Foe,  
And joyntly Plot my Overthrow;  
But thou, my Lord, dost take my Part,  
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

## III.

Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,  
But unto Wrath of slowest Pace;  
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,  
This is Faith's everlasting Ground.

## IV.

Whilst God is Merciful and True,  
I am both Safe and Happy too;  
I cannot fall, who lean upon  
The Pillars of the highest Throne.

V.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,  
Let Mercy look on Misery ;  
Save, Lord, for thee I do adore,  
As did my Mother heretofore.

VI.

Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,  
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows;  
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,  
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.

VII.


Me with Salvations Walls inclose,  
To the Confusion of my Foes,  
That they with blushing may confess,  
We cannot Curse whom God doth Bless;

VIII.

We cannot catch, whom God will have ;  
We cannot hurt, whom God will save ;  
We cannot touch his smallest Limb ;  
We Curse ourselves, in Cursing him.

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*FINIS.*

  
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